

# THE ARIZONA CHAMPION.

VOL. 1.

FLAGSTAFF, YAVAPAI COUNTY, A. T., SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1884.

NO. 31.

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RESTAURANT!

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#### THE LADY'S YES.

"Yes," I answered you last night; "No," this morning, sir, I say; Colors seen by candle-light Will not look the same by day.

When the viola play'd their best, Lamps above and laughs below, Love no sounder like a jest, Fit for yes or fit for no.

Call me false or call me free, Vow, whate'er light may shine— No man on your face shall see Any grief for change on mine.

Yet the sin is on us both; Time to dance is not to woo; Working light makes a fickle truth, Seem of me recalls on you.

Learn to win a lady's faith, Noddy, as the thing is high, Bravely, as for life and death, With a loyal gravity.

Lead her from the festive boards, Point her to the stary skies; Guard her, by your trustful words, Pure from courtship's flatteries:

By your truth she shall be true, Ever true to wiles of yore; And her yes, once said to you, Shall lie yes for evermore.

#### HOME MUSIC.

When the busy day is over, And you rest at evening time, Oh, how sweet sounds simple music, Set to well-remembered rhyme, Grand strains might prove less cheer-

ing. But a homely ballad seems Sweet and simple, and endearing, Calling back life's happiest dreams.

When the singer is a mother, With her children huddled round; When the sister and the brother Blend their tones in tuneful sound,

While the husband and the father Sit to listen and admire; Of all concerts, I would rather Hear that sweet domestic choir.

We may praise the glorious voices Of the geniuses of song, Whose celestial art rejoices Many and many a wailing throng;

But the songs that go the nearest To our hearts are always those, Sung by friends we hold the dearest, Friends our bedside circle knows.

#### GRIMSHAW'S LOVE AFFAIR.

A savant at work and a savant at play! What a different creature! Of the many who were accustomed to listen to him with deference and respect, at various gatherings of the learned, how few would have recognized him now!

Mr. Theodore Grimshaw could never have been very young, I think. He was sixty-five at the date of this little narrative, and had friends as old as himself who maintained that in his school-days he was not in the least like a boy, and that in early manhood he was as little like other young men as could well be imagined.

Throughout his parchment-like existence Mr. Grimshaw had been absolutely impervious to the tender passion. His warmest feelings were those which he bestowed upon the future of Africa as a colony; while the interest he took in the Water Supply of his neighbor was stronger than any ever won from him by blue eyes or brown.

In the calm security of his wealth, noted ability and dried-up temperament, Mr. Theodore Grimshaw went to dine one evening at the house of a married friend, an M. P. of expansive waistcoat and with an unconquerable conviction that the importance which attached to him in the rural district he had the honor of representing in parliament was equally felt in London. As this gentleman kept an invaluable cook, and gave many dinners, no one interfered with his harmless delusion.

But the M. P. had a sister, and she was a widow. The widow was just under forty, and in the full possession of much beauty; which—as the dear departed could no longer value it—she now desired should be a comfort to another. She thought Mr. Grimshaw looked lonely, and it was but a short time before she convinced him that he was so.

It seemed that in proportion to his former callosities Mr. Grimshaw was now to suffer the tortures of love. His fair one first attracted, then repelled him; and it was just three weeks after the dinner party at which they had first met, that the elderly gentleman by an effort of his mighty intellect pulled himself together, and resolved to ask the momentous question. With extraordinary care he dressed himself, and was caught by his soft-staying valet in the act of gracefully bowing and presenting a hair-brush to himself in the cheval glass! Could the astonished man have seen the choice bouquet with which his master afterward ascended the steps of the M. P.'s house, he would have understood better why the hair-brush had been practiced with.

The flowers were accepted gracefully; and, although suffering from such thumps of the heart as Africa had never given him, Mr. Grimshaw felt pleased at the glow of courage which inspired him, and he fell to business.

"If I may hope," he softly whispered.

The widow dropped her eyes and blushed. She had long decided that his fortune and the carriage it drew enabled her to drive in were worth a real blush. She yielded her plump hand and returned the faintest pressure.

"My life shall be devoted—" "What remains of it," mentally corrected the widow with a critical glance at the bald patch on her suitor's head. "To your happiness," pursued Mr. Grimshaw.

The conversation then turned on a place of residence. He had always lived in London; but perhaps she would like the country better?

She would not change his habits for the world—country places were mostly damp. Yes, she adored flowers, but where were they so beautiful as in London?

Thus far all went well. Visions of a quiet residence where art should render everything as harmonious and beautiful as the home of such a woman should be,

flitted deliciously through the brain of the happy Mr. Grimshaw, and with impassioned fervor he flung himself on his knees and implored the widow to name the day.

Silence, save for their own voices had reigned supreme. Flowers bloomed in the balcony, sweet scents were wafted in by the gentle breeze of early summer, and for the first time in his life, Mr. Grimshaw felt young. If he had only looked less withered and sore, his ardent attitude might have moved a stone.

With gentle hesitation the widow listened, and would have speedily fixed an early day while praying for delay; but, in place of her dulcet accents, there rang out clear upon the silence a child's shrill voice from the adjoining room—only divided from this by heavy curtains, through which a pair of blue eyes peeped eagerly.

"Come, Nelly! Come and see the funny old gentlemen saying his prayers to mamma!"

An electric battery could not have caused Mr. Grimshaw a greater shock! First his mortification that his most sacred privacy had been pried into; next, that terrible word "mamma!"

"You have children, then?" he inquired, in an aggrieved tone.

"Of course; every one knows I have five!" the fair widow announced, with some perturbation in her tone.

"I did not know it, madam. It is altogether unfortunate. I—ah—really, madam—I never could bear children."

"Say no more, sir," loftily interrupted the injured lady, sweeping from the room.

All Mr. Grimshaw's friends can now recognize him again, and from his calm and unimpaired interest in the colonies to be established in Africa, and the water supply in London, the world reaps a rich harvest—or will some day.

#### WHAT AILED HIM.

Down in a town in Alabama I found a native with his chair tipped back under an awning in front of a saloon, hat down on his ears, eyes half closed and his toes showing through his boots. Out at the hitching post was a faded old maid, head down and eyes closed, and the mud of last fall had not been cleaned off his skeleton frame. I was looking from man to mule to see if I could establish a chain of evidence, when the native straightened up and said:

"Stranger, ye ain't goin' to settle in this kentry?"

"No."

"Powerful glad to hear it. Let's drink."

I declined, and he took fifteen cents' worth and came back and said:

"Stranger, this is a powerful bad kentry—powerful bad."

"What's the matter?"

"No chance for a poor man—not a shake of a chance. Let's drink."

I declined, and he took his usual dose with a sigh of satisfaction.

"Look at me!" he said as he returned to his chair. "I'm a living evidence of the fact that this is the worst kentry on earth for a white man who honestly desires to break his back in agricultural pursuits. I've bin goin' down hill as steady as clock-work for the last twenty y'ar. Stranger, wet your whistle!"

I replied that my whistle required a dry atmosphere, and he went in and took it straight again.

"Yes, sir," he said, as he got his chin dried off, "the damned Southern nabob grins on me on one side and the infernal nigger on the other, and I'm bound to be pulverized."

"Do you farm?"

"What's the use? Nuthin' that I planted ever grewed. It's allus too much or too little rain, and if I hire niggers they don't stay."

"Then you speculate?"

"Mebbe I do. Mebbe if I trade a mule with a hundred dollars for one with sixty you kin call it speculation. Say, let's licker."

I declined and he never shed a tear as his corn-juice went down.

"I tell you, a poor man hain't got no rights 'round yere, and he's bein' ground into the dust," he observed, as he surveyed the hole in the top of his hat so that a tuft of hair could stick up through it.

"It seems to be a fine country?"

"That's a deception."

"But you have a nice climate and can raise most everything."

"Then, what ails me? Why hain't I a Southern nabob? Why don't I ride a hoss an' wear good clothes and hold offices?"

"Because," I answered, determined to lie to him, "your wife is probably a very careless manager, while you have never carefully studied the foundation principles of economy."

"Stranger!" he said, as he rose up and shook both hands at once, "you've hit it plumb-center, and you are the only man who has! All the rest of 'em say it's 'cause I kin do more loadin' and drinkin' than any man in the State of Alabama. Stranger, writ them words down fur me. I'll git the hang of 'em in about an hour, and then I'll go home an' gin my family to understand that they've got to buckle right down to economy or hunt for other diggins! Let's destroy about three fingers of the juice!"

Arbor Day in Indiana has been set for April 11th, and officers are being made by means of a circular to the Superintendent of the Public Schools to awaken an interest in it among the pupils, and secure the planting of many trees in the school-yards.

The exports of domestic cattle, hogs, beef, pork and dairy products from the United States during February amounted to \$6,960,475 as against \$9,792,040 during the corresponding month of 1883.

Don't blow in the gun your grandfather carried in the war of 1812. It is more dangerous now than it was then.

#### DICKENS, THE TEACHER.

All grimy old London town was brightened, softened, yet mellowed and made altogether lovely, by the humbly golden atmosphere which Turner painted so well, and revealed in so madly. This atmosphere, in its tangible presence, is London's one beautiful garment, and when it is folded about her, she is transformed from a gigantic wench to a queen.

Our American custom of Sunday morning late rising, loitering, and our 11 o'clock service, brought me to the main entrance of Westminster Abbey after every sitting in that part of the structure was occupied. I was directed to "poets' corner," where temporary benches had been placed for the accommodation of the usual number of worshippers. The toned light, the exquisite music which flooded and echoed and lovingly lingered among the lofty arches, the dignified, impressive church of England service, Canon Farrar's perfectly chosen, eloquent words, all so conspired to enthral me, at this my first church service in England, that the last "Amen" had echoed and echoed again and died before I realized that I was surrounded by the tombs of men who shall never cease to live.

Bending to replace a paper which had fallen from my prayer book, I saw underneath my feet a plain, dark gray slab, under which was inscribed in simple gilt letters:

CHARLES DICKENS,

BORN FEBRUARY THE SEVENTH, 1812,

DIED JUNE THE NINTH, 1870.

Just a horizontal slab. That is all. But of all the mighty dead resting in that proud old abbey, none other could so well dispense with lofty stone and clever sculptor.

Dickens will live in the heart of peasant and king alike throughout the far-flung zones of our earth, so long as those crystallizations of truth and love once preached upon a mount, which he has made vitally human and suited to each day's common living, are read and received.

"Blessed are the poor in spirit," Ah, pathetic Tom Pinner! I see you, poor indeed in spirit, but rich in all that likens life to the divine. Who would not be like you?

"Blessed are they that mourn." Sweet, true, Florence Dombey and loyal little Dorrit! We see why you were comforted.

"Blessed are the meek." Gentle Esther Summerson, mindful of all but yourself; how blessed this earth when such as you inherit it.

"Blessed are the merciful." Rough, too Gargery, counting as nothing your "inconvenience," how tenderly merciful you were! Surely such as you can claim the promised mercy.

"Blessed are the pure in heart." Little Nell; to see God reserved for such as are like you.

"Blessed are the peacemakers." True, loving, simple Mr. Dick! You made peace between two divided hearts, when those of stronger heads were powerless. Truly, the most helpless amongst us may be called the "Children of God."

"Blessed are the—" "Please leave the Abbey," said the majestic old warden, in a sonorous voice quiver in Mr. Wipps's style, and I went out into the shadowy sunshine of that London summer day, for the first time conscious of what Charles Dickens had been to my childhood, youth and maturity of millions of men and women.

Then it was that I knew what an American meant when he said: "Charles Dickens is the Apostle Paul of the nineteenth century."

#### BULWER'S GAMBLING.

Early one morning Bulwer, the novelist, retired to his hotel from a gambling house, where he had been passing the last hours of the night. For the first time in his life he had played high; and with the insidious good fortune so frequently attendant on the first steps along what would otherwise be the shortest and least attractive pathway to perdition, he had gained largely.

The day was dreary when he reached his own rooms. His writing-desk stood upon a console in front of a mirror; and pausing over it to look up his winnings, he was startled and shocked by the reflection of his face in the glass behind it. The expression of the countenance was not only haggard, it was sinister. He had risked far more than he could afford to lose; his luck had been extraordinary and his gains were great. But the ignoble emotion of the night had left their lingering traces in his face, and as he caught sight of his own features still working and gleaming with the fever of a vicious excitement he, for the first time, despised himself. It was then he formed a resolution that, be the circumstances what they might, no inducement whether of need or greed, should again tempt him to become a gambler.

#### HE TOOK THE HINT.

They were sitting alone in the parlor, when she sweetly remarked:

"George, dear, can you tell me why it is that the course of true love never runs smoothly?"

"It does run smoothly, darling," said George passionately. "What could be smoother than the course of true love?"

"And love is blind, is it not?" she went on.

"Yes, love is said to be blind," replied George, wondering what she was trying to get at.

"Well, I can tell you why true love never runs smoothly," and she looked at the lapel of his coat as though she would like to go to sleep there. "Love is blind because it is considered the proper thing to pull down the blind."

George acted upon this hint and pulled down the blind.

#### DIME NOVEL WORK.

The work of the dime novel is being performed with even more than the usual success. The other day three boys robbed their parents and started for the boundless West. More recently a lad in a Philadelphia public school drew a revolver on his teacher, and examination showed that seven other boys present were armed with revolvers and bowie-knives. They had formed a secret brotherhood, their leader, the boy who pulled the pistol, having taken the terror inspiring name of "Schuykill Jack."

They meant to set off in a little while for the West also, being consumed with a fine ambition to become cow-boys. This sort of escapade is becoming common, and while no doubt there are many absurd features about such boyish outbreaks, they furnish cause for uneasiness too. The class of literature which is mainly responsible for all this folly is distributed all over the country in immense quantities, and it is distinctly evil in its teachings and tendencies. The heroes of the dime novels are almost always thieves, robbers and immoral characters, and the heroines are no better. The stories abound with descriptions of brutality, cruelty and dishonesty, when they do not go further and fare worse. Boys gather from them the idea that violence and trickery and immorality are manly, and that the character to be admired is the bully and ruffian who knocks everybody about, and cuts throats right and left, and plunders successfully, and is hail-fellow with the thieves and dangerous classes generally.

Through reading this pestilent stuff a great many boys are undoubtedly put fairly in the road to ruin. They insensibly acquire a crooked moral vision. They begin to deteriorate in their associations. They pine for opportunities to emulate the heroes they are reading about. Presently they are tempted to steal from their parents, friends or employers, to prepare for some preposterous raid, and then, though they may be saved for the time, their characters have sustained a shock which is liable to weaken them permanently. It is difficult to deal adequately with this evil because of the absence of uniform legislation. A good deal can no doubt be done by vigilance and local preventive organizations, such as are at work in New York, but probably the most effective remedies are in the hands of parents and relatives, who, if they will only take the trouble, certainly must be able to cut off the supply in a large number of cases.

The habit of relying upon the State in such matters is in fact a bad one; and it is already far too prevalent. The State ought not to be called upon to do well done by private energy and local preventive organizations, such as are at work in New York, but probably the most effective remedies are in the hands of parents and relatives, who, if they will only take the trouble, certainly must be able to cut off the supply in a large number of cases.

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